THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume X — New York, Wednesday, August 21, 1929 — Number 16

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Published weekly and copyrighted 1929, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

THE SILVER SHIP

ONCE again Dr. Hugo Eckener's giant air vessel has stirred the imagination of America. In a few days, so it is said, a journey round the world will be inaugurated. The ship's mammoth hulk, riding like a silver cloud over numerous seas, is to bring to all nations a sense of that tranquil mastery of nature which western man has learned during years of experiment. Natives of Siberia will stare in awe toward invisible passengers perched in the air above them. The Zeppelin will glide over the mountains of Japan, pass untouched across Pacific waves, and hover during the twinkling of an eye above a stream which the armies of Napoleon could not ford. If the voyage materializes, it will be a journey of triumph symbolizing the human mind's power to surmount the barriers of space and pressure—to ride at ease through an element dreaded by generations of ancestors. And yet the earnest hope is not to create such poetry solely for its own sake, but to prove that this is a usable means of conveyance. The inventor has tried to make just another device for carrying freight, delivering mail promptly, and getting people to towns they wish to reach.

Our most popular American poet once likened the government to a "ship of state." He urged it to be sturdy and obedient to the pilot's will. To him it could, under the assent of heaven, climb over any number of waves to a safe harbor. Now the air vessel seems to us a more fitting symbol of this republican nation. It expresses a new poetry more lofty and free than the old—the poetry which is easily transferred to a realm of government wider than the borders of one's own political domain, conscious of the problems which beset all humanity struggling for bread and yet also for peace, and anxious to create a people willing and able to contribute unselfishly to every venture of civilization. For the idealist America might well be poised bravely in that ether which courses round the higher mundane destinies of man. And, like the air vessel again, it is endowed now with sovereignty over many secrets—an industrial and scientific equipment, surpassing all that was known before; an organization which, potentially at least, might be guided by the wise and the skilled; and a knowledge of political directions which the past worked hard to attain.

But neither Zeppelin nor state can remain a dream of the idealist. Somehow our political ideal must be harnessed to practical tasks. In no place is this neces-

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sity more obvious than in the sphere of "prosperity," which displays not a sign of willingness to permit a wider immigration. A new school of writers on economics declares that the fight against poverty will be won by the instruments of efficiency; that these last are, primarily, unifications and mergers of capital, natural resources, and means of production; and that the recipe for keeping an "improved producing machinery" in motion is simply the inevitability with which an earner becomes a purchaser. Some have even ventured to say that this theory, now partly in effect throughout the United States, must be "exported" for the welfare of other nations—that, indeed, giving currency to it will prove to be our most distinctive international service. As yet, however, it is sadly evident that these are mere surmises. They guarantee the economic stability of the individual rather than of the mass. No man would risk his private fortune betting that the conditions upon which they are based can be even relatively permanent.

Nothing could be more plain than the world's abiding lack of confidence in aircraft. To most of us flying is still a dashing stunt rather than an enterprise in which we care to risk our lives and money. It is likewise true that the majority of Americans are still very far from placing a great deal of trust in the social trends which characterize the society to which they belong. Conceivably enough, however, neither aviation nor statecraft may prove lastingly trustworthy. Who knows but what our increasing knowledge and control of nature also forces us to run greater risks, to enter more hazardous unknowns? We continue to need, possibly we need more than ever, those solid landmarks of moral and religious truth which are the only safe guides in history.

WEEK BY WEEK

ONE is glad to hear that the pacification of Mexico has now been carried to a point where the number of troops actually under arms is smaller than it has been for years. The resumption of Catholic life in its normal forms has likewise restored much of the old "tone" to a landscape individualized during centuries by spires and the robes of priests. But that the "settlement" is far from having ended the difficulties of the Church in Mexico becomes evident if one scrutinizes a little the hundred scraps of news which have eddied across the border. The "temporary" deportation of Archbishop Orozco is explained on the ground that his "visit" to the United States might help in quelling the rebellion in Jalisco. It may well seem, however, that this device is far less effective than a cordial reception of this brave men at Mexico City would have been. An N.C.W.C. news report likewise informs us that Padilla, the Mexican Secretary of Education, is carrying on a cultural campaign "to tranquillize consciences and to free the peasant masses from fanaticism." To anyone who knows the kind of literature and oratory which Padilla and his associates have favored during recent years, the intention to broadcast propaganda against the Catholic faith is obvious. Of course Mexico cannot expect that religion will be shielded from intellectual or revolutionary opposition. But the clear inference in this case is that the government has dropped none of its antagonism to Christian tradition but remains what, essentially, it has been.

Mexicans Here and Yonder

THE Mexican is, however, very much with us in this country. Among the many reports issued lately about peon labor in the United States, the one prepared by Miss Linna E. Brisette (Department of Social Action, National Catholic Welfare Conference) should be noted as having particular value. The story is that of an exploited race, brought to work in beet fields and on railroads, housed in the worst manner conceivable, and paid at a rate which makes eventual appeals to charity inevitable. More light is thrown on the matter by the detailed survey of conditions in Colorado prepared by Mr. Thomas F. Mahoney and read at a recent Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems. "In our sugar-beet districts, the average earnings of thousands of contract-worker families, that is for the labor of the father, the mother and the children from seven years and up, will average only $600 a year." The sugar companies deal with the grower, who in turn employs the family as a unit without allowing to this any rights other than those specified. Although the state law requires attendance in school on the part of children between the ages of eight and fourteen, yet at the present moment, "thousands of young children are in the beet fields of northern Colorado," despite the fact that Congress has been assured by various spokesmen that "no child labor exists." Nor is the domestic environment in which these children live anything but horrible. The majority of the families sleep five in a room; and "habitable housing" has been reduced, in most cases, to a mere shack. These Mexican people are here to stay; and as a nation we can hardly face with equanimity the prospect of their staying under circumstances which would produce even very bad sheep or horses.

Signs and Prophecies

ONLY where old-line Democrats are concerned did the recent party primaries in Virginia result in a vindication of progressive government. For others, state government of one kind or another is unimportant compared to whether its administrators hold allegiance to Mr. Raskob, a citizen of Delaware. The question is whether they are as numerous as Bishop Cannon has represented, and on this the primaries throw no light. True, the results have encouraged the New York Times to declare that the Bishop's hopes have no show at all, and the Herald Tribune to hail the revival of a two-party

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system in the South. For us, the reports of the election and comments thereon, read all dutifully and in great labor, indicate neither the breaking up of Bishop Cannon's power, nor its maintenance, nor the growth of it. On the one hand, the Bishop suggested that the anti-Raskob Democrats refrain from going to the polls, and the fact that only 140,000 votes were cast, arrayed against the memory of Mr. Hoover's 165,000 last fall, would indicate that he was heard and obeyed. But let us not forget that there was in this primary none of the uncertainty which makes for an interesting election and a large ballot. Mr. Mapp had been defeated for the nomination before, a fact which always takes away interest from a candidate, and Mr. Pollard's success seemed inevitable. The 140,000 votes cast under such circumstances look much bigger than the same number voted in November for ex-Governor Smith. Into a reading of the results you may take your own interests, hopes and prejudices, and emerge with a triumphant prophecy.

Rural Education

THE department of rural education of Teachers' College, Columbia University, has just published a collection of data of which the general effect is somewhat disquieting. It constitutes a comparative study of the literacy, health records, equipment and expenditures of the country and city schools of the United States, and shows a balance so definitely against the former as to indicate a serious deficiency in the methods and resources of our country educational system. It is true that one of the most striking facts which emerge from the whole summary is that the 8,100,000 rural pupils who form about one-third of our total public-school enrollment engage the services of close to one-half of our public-school teachers. This is not as favorable as it seems at first sight, however, for it is offset by the generally inadequate training of the country pedagogue. More than one-third of the entire 230,000 have not been graduated from high school. Twenty-three percent have not advanced more than two years beyond the elementary grades. A good 5,000 stopped their training at the sixth grade, or earlier. The eighth-grade graduates number 15,000. The concentration of this inexpert material in the country districts follows logically enough from the difficult working conditions and the poor salaries (the average is $855, against the $1,878 of urban communities.) But its inevitability does not counteract its lowering effect upon the general level of rural education.

THIS is perhaps the most serious factor, but there are others. About four million pupils get their whole elementary education in 160,000 one-teacher, one-room schools—an average of twenty-five pupils to a school. The 64,000 two-teacher schools have sixty pupils apiece. The consolidated schools, now 17,000 in number, are admitted to be thoroughly superior, but at present they take care of only about a million pupils. In consonance with these general facts, illiteracy statistics show rural communities to stand at 7.7 percent against the 4.4 percent of city communities; and the closely related data on health and nutrition also tell against the farm. Again, the figures of child labor are proportionately high. Of the 1,060,858 juvenile workers from ten to fifteen years of age listed throughout the country, a little more than 70 percent are on the farms, with the result that the average school year of the farm child has dwindled to 137 days, compared to the 184-day year of urban districts. Even bearing in mind that educational statistics supplied by localities in need of a subsidy are notoriously pessimistic, one is forced to conclude from these figures that the situation is gravely depressing. And the solution is still far off. Something may perhaps be done to enlarge the experiment being carried on by most of the normal schools, of imparting special training to candidates for rural teaching. The ideal expedient culturally is the consolidated school, but it involves a maintenance and transportation budget which the overwhelming number of farm districts cannot yet meet. One last item of comparison may serve to point the truth of this statement, and to define the chief difficulty under which the farm community labors: the fact, to wit, that the per capita expenditure, and value of school property, for country pupils as against city pupils, stand at $40.40 and $99.00 respectively, against $60.67 and $299.

The Florida Pest

ANOTHER blow has been dealt to agriculture, this time by a hammer no bigger than a pin's head. The persistent tapping of the Mediterranean fruit fly has reduced the citrus-growing regions of fertile Florida to near ruin, and threatens to wreak almost immeasurable havoc. Perhaps the most lucid exposition of the pest is that contributed by Mr. John Steven McGroarty to the Los Angeles Times. The fly has won out in every country which it has attacked, with the possible exception of New Zealand, we are told. It wiped the Hawaiian Islands off the map as a fruit-growing region. Having sneaked into the neighborhood of Orlando, Florida, it introduced itself one bright morning to several growers about to sample their breakfast grapefruit. The upshot of the matter was that federal and state governments combined to enlist the aid of science against the invader. It is hoped that a spray may be found, or a satisfactory disinfecting method hit upon. Meanwhile a quarantine has descended upon already harassed Florida, and the possibility of a complete loss of their crop stares the growers in the face. Mr. McGroarty does not hesitate to declare that the farmers ought to be reimbursed for their losses because the present ban on Florida fruit is for the good of the country as a whole. We think there will be more general endorsement of another suggestion he

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has made—that an adequate corps of entomologists be employed and equipped to deal with this and other insect scourges too frequently ignored by citizens whose only knowledge of the situation is gained through their own occasional discovery of a worm in a barrel of apples.

IN ITS last session, the Michigan state legislature passed a bill which would not only have restored capital punishment, but would have made the extreme penalty mandatory in all cases of first-degree conviction, regardless of the age, sex or circumstances of the person to be sentenced. Although we are aware of the rather difficult criminal problems in Michigan, rising largely out of its proximity to Canada, and its unenviable position as headquarters for the bootleggers of the Middle-West, we cannot follow the reasoning which urged the legislators to take this backward step. But perhaps in these matters action is decided by temperament rather than logic. As Governor Green pointed out recently in vetoing the bill, Michigan was the first state in the union to abolish capital punishment. This was in 1847, and since that time the tendency in all nations has been toward less severity in the handling of criminals. It has been recognized that detachment and not passion is the mood in which to deal with them; that only through study, and never through vengeance, can we decrease their danger to society. Thus there has been nothing in subsequent history to render obsolete the opinion held on capital punishment by Michigan law-makers of eighty years ago. If for some years the agencies of justice have been conspicuously ineffective in the Middle-West, the remedy is in a reorganization of the courts and the police, not in a more severe statute of penalty.

Capital Punishment

TO MOST Europeans the one characteristic of American civilization worth imitating is its prosperity. And in the past few years we have frequently found ourselves entertaining groups of foreign journalists, bankers and industrialists, all bent on discovering the causes of our prosperity as the first step toward reproducing a similarly happy growth in their home lands. Workmen have come, too, but most of them have been too enchanted with working conditions here to return. One who has, however, is M. Dubreuil, and in a recent book called Standards he expresses a deep admiration for the cordial relationship existing between chiefs and subordinates, the scientific organization of labor, and the sanitation of the American factory. We will not accuse M. Dubreuil of a cursory acquaintance with these shores, but we do suspect that if his experience as a mechanic had carried him very far into New England, New Jersey or the South he would not be so enthusiastic about the "cordiality of relations" between employer and employee. Of course, as compared with the European, it may be true that the American workmen possess a "joy in work." And that is something not very easily transplanted. For one thing, it demands for its soil a social order in which even a factory hand can look forward to a future that at least promises some measure of ease and liberty. Far easier to transplant machines, which have only to cross an ocean and be set up on concrete bases. But for M. Dubreuil it is not enough that Europe should copy our industrial methods. There must also exist that "joy in work" which to him, as a workman, is the most precious and enviable aspect of the complex existence that goes on in the new world.

Importation of Joy

WE BELIEVE that Sister Raymond, superior of a House of the Good Shepherd at Peekskill, New York, acted most wisely in welcoming an inquiry into charges brought against the institution by Mr. Charles Gooze, a metropolitan labor organizer. In Mr. Gooze's opinion, evidence existed to show that girls were badly fed and treated; and he promptly dispatched a message to the press. Undoubtedly it is difficult, when one has given all to labor in the cause of charity and service, to accept criticism from persons who range all the way from "nuts" to over-zealous reformers in whose eyes a speck of harmless and eminently natural dust is a proof of squalor unrelieved. Normally, however, these people are not malicious but simply too excitable. One reacts best against them by displaying that calm which is, of all virtues, the one they least understand. If Sister Raymond had said (in a fashion unfortunately too popular) "Mr. Gooze is an impudent busybody who wishes to cause a scandal," that gentleman would be aggrieved and many of his fellow-citizens would suspect that he was right after all. But by declaring, "Mr. Gooze is invited to examine our place from garret to cellar and bring his neighbors if he likes," Sister Raymond will probably make a repentant friend, earn heaps of goodwill for the House, and make the ladies who worry about such matters feel ever so much better on account of the knowledge that everything possible is being done for the unfortunate.

Wise Defense

THE death of the Most Reverend James John Keane, archbishop of Dubuque, removes one of the most typically middle-western members of the Catholic hierarchy. It is literally true to say that he "grew up with the country and enjoyed doing so." As professor, pastor and Wyoming bishop, his early years were spent in what was then a district struggling to turn the frontier into a habitable and moderately industrialized locality. The companionableness, the simplicity, the practical sense which characterized him throughout life were genuine characteristics of men who knew their world and what could

Archbishop Keane

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be done in it. Archbishop Keane's coming to Dubuque made him head of one of the oldest and most flourishing of Catholic dioceses. This city which rises with the bluffs that crown the Mississippi in upper Iowa has long since been rich in convents and churches. To their number this energetic man added others which represent his character—a college, houses of refuge, a home for foundlings. Few prelates have ever lived on terms of greater intimacy with the people at large; and it is a striking fact that although the archbishop was an advocate of total abstinence in a community which had conserved a Germanic fondness for beer, even that led to no misunderstandings. Many people admired and loved him as a Shepherd of Souls and a leader of men; many will mourn him in genuine sorrow for a long time to come.

THE Olympia, flagship of Admiral Dewey at Manila Bay, has been threatened with the junk pile, and many voices have been raised to spare it this ignominy. Secretary Adams has amiably promised to consider its preservation as a historical relic, and so for the moment the end expected of all ships has been averted. Our judgment is that if the Olympia is to be saved at all, the job should be thoroughly and permanently done. It is too late to suggest a similarly definite arrangement for the Constitution, about which has grown a tradition that it should be saved once or twice in each decade. The good work done by Oliver Wendell Holmes was not for long effective; even within our limited memories, "Old Ironsides" has been saved twice, and is in the way of being saved again at present. No one objects to this, indeed most of us look forward to the pleasant little interims when the salvation of the old ship is the first concern of the land. But we can realize that it might be a bore to keep up two relic-ships on the installment plan, and that it might prevent adequate attention being given to either one. And so if any poet proposes verses in the cause of the Olympia, let him embody in them a plea for permanent endowment, the interest on which will be sufficient for its maintenance as the need arises. Everyone will agree that there should be no conflict of interests between the Olympia, remembered of two seas, and the Constitution, famed for generations in song and story.

The Navy's Museum

DR. WALTER ATHEARN was merely reporting a fact well known in this country when he told the World Federation of Education Associations at Geneva that the aim of normal schools and teachers' colleges in the United States is to turn out "well-running machines," and no more. His comment on this situation was one of regret for the passing of a system which attempted to develop, and sometimes succeeded in developing, teachers capable of imparting not only the mechanics of literacy, but a regard for ethics, religion and culture. If the chances for success in this direction are less today, it is because slight emphasis is put upon it in the training schools. Of the eighty-five colleges which Dr. Athearn examined, only twenty try to prepare their students to cultivate the "moral character" of the pupils who will be under them, and only eight offer courses in the philosophy of education. Dr. Athearn's ideal is an old-fashioned one, but it is the one originally responsible for the present entrenchment of our educational system, and we believe that it still has much value for the world. Certainly one of the most serious of our new problems is the failure of the schools to fulfill the promises which were made for them thirty years ago. And if one thing distinguishes the youth of today from the youth of fifteen years ago it is his skepticism of the schools, his recognition of the futility of much that passes under the name of education. It is possible that some of that futility will be removed when it is learned anew that a teacher must be more than an automaton capable of following a code of instructions prepared by a state board of education to cover every gesture in the classroom.

Training the Teacher

THE advice to laugh at folly is admittedly sound, but there are times when laughter sticks in one's throat. It would take a miracle of detachment to regard the spectacle of Baltimore's child flagpole sitters with that mere untroubled amusement which might help to speed it soon and genially into oblivion. The city has produced to date, according to news despatches, twenty-one young pioneers in this field of competitive imbecility, their ages ranging from nine to sixteen years. The champion, Avon Foreman, has a record of ten days, ten hours, ten minutes and ten seconds, but this figure is threatened by several other aspirants—notably two girls, between whom the contest has assumed the character of a private feud, the while suitable recriminations are supplied by their respective supporters. The city's official representatives have taken proud cognizance of the affair, felicitating the youngsters and exhorting them to keep remembering "that stamina and grit are essential in the great struggle of life." The Building Inspector (as a result of an untoward accident which gave one entry a broken leg) passes formally upon the size and safety of the poles employed. A minister, even, has brought the comforts of religion to one of the higher-minded of the young sitters, by holding religious services at the foot of his perch. We have no idea that the majority of Baltimoreans are anything but ashamed of this whole exhibition, in which witlessness itself would seem to be parodied. We do not tie the phenomenon to the locality. But we do suspect that, when next one of our atrabilious social critics lets loose upon our fellow-citizens at large, our own heretofore ringing defense may just conceivably falter a little, as we remember.

Babes in Baltimore

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WHY?

A LETTER in our correspondence column this week calls for an answer to the question: "Why is Catholic leadership so truculent in its attitude toward the Eighteenth Amendment, and the crusade which ushered it in?" We are sure Mr. Short will understand us when we say that if the query had originated with him personally it would not be answered here. It deserves attention precisely because it has been put by many people of the most varied religious and social habits. There is really something quite unusual in the unanimity of Catholic public opinion regarding Volsteadism. Whereas the movement against alcoholism in France and Germany derives some of its firmest support from groups inside the Church, only a few American Catholics have expressed themselves in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment. We ourselves have been consistently opposed to this law and have, indeed, considered antagonism to it one of the really important functions of the civic mind. Why?

Curiously enough, the beginnings of the anti-liquor crusade in the United States invite a good deal of Catholic sympathy. Under the pressure of the Romantic age, Puritanism in England had evolved into two movements having much in common not only with each other but also with mediaeval tradition—the Methodist movement and the Oxford movement. When the great apostle of the first—Francis Asbury—preached to this country, he advocated celibacy of the clergy and total abstinence by the faithful. This he did for ascetic reasons, just as he taught people to sing hymns for liturgical reasons. An opponent of the insidious rationalization of religion, he was perhaps unconsciously influenced by the appeal and the authority of the past. Puritanism as such had nothing to do with these forms of restraint. It certainly did not originate the Volstead doctrine.

As time went on, however, evangelistic religion became more and more intolerant. Whereas Catholic speakers had at first—witness the life of Bishop John England—been invited to address audiences in Methodist churches, the pulpit was eventually reserved for the "ex-priest," the "escaped nun," and the dozen other "horrible exhibits of Romanism" which could always count on a fat collection. Perhaps the temper of the frontier was partly responsible for the change, and it may be that racial and nationalistic clashes have played their part. At all events, Catholicism faded out of the South and out of those rural districts wherein the Demon Rum was most likely to be burned in effigy. It was concentrated in the larger cities, with a surplus dotting several agricultural sections with Gothic spires. Inevitably the "human side" of the Church took on an urban mentality. Quite as inevitably, town and country were pitted against each other in the struggle about temperance. Lyman Abbot saw this cleavage plainly, and therefore advised against carrying the anti-liquor crusade into the national arena.

If we of The Commonweal have opposed the Eighteenth Amendment, it is for much the same reason as would have moved Abbot to oppose it. We believe that, right or wrong, prohibition cannot be conceived of as a function of the federal government, that enforcement logically demands the coöperation of local constables and village detectives, and that therefore the nation is seeking to utilize a power which cannot rightly belong to it. The whole movement seems to us hopelessly bundled up in the yarn of a fluffy ideology; and when we see the actual working out of the law, we behold, not a little country town from which the saloons have been banished and in which the stalwart actual citizen is squeezing wine out of elderberry blossoms, but the city in which the speakeasy has supplanted the bar controlled by law. We behold the rampant vices incident to bootlegging and law-breaking. We see the church in politics pitted against an innocent desire—innocent because the city worker cannot gather elderberries or go in for corn mashes. In other words: our opposition to prohibition has nothing at all to do with religion, but is the logical outcome of observations based upon life and the news.

Admittedly Catholic opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment may be something more than this. It may occasionally be based upon the feeling that, since prohibition has been insisted upon by the Methodists as a "dogma," these same Methodists ought not to be surprised if members of an older Church resent having it forced upon them. Normally it is not without its appreciation of traditional Catholic philosophy, for which a thing cannot be wrong in itself because it permits of abuse. At any rate, the one argument which this philosophy would accept as valid—the argument that, under existing social conditions, the evil effects of alcoholism far outweigh the good—is almost never stressed by the Anti-saloon League. That organization keeps on appealing to the "law," on the ground that anything written upon the statute books calls for civic obedience. It is a strange fact that the descendants of sturdy men who stood beside Milton and Hampden should now be willing to assent to such reasoning. But you will never cram it down the throats of the Irish; you will never make it palatable to a Latin. And in the end you cannot maintain an American majority for it.

Whether or not this explanation for the "Catholic stand on prohibition" is accepted, we feel that it would be well to insist again upon one aspect of our own point of view. Volsteadism is right or wrong, and the facts alone can tell which. The best conceivable plan for the control of liquor is likewise dependent upon the test of facts. Prevalent crusading habits render it impossible, however, to concentrate upon anything excepting contrasted fanaticism. As a people, we are caught between Bishop Cannon and the speakeasy patron. And that means, as far as we are able to judge, being between the devil and the deep sea.

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ACTION THROUGH EDUCATION

By EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK

The following paper reviews the functions of Catholic higher education as an instrumentality towards the attainment of Catholic action. It incorporates remarks by the author to a recent session of the Catholic Educational Association, and also the first fruits of deliberations sponsored by the Federation of Catholic Alumni, who have been aided by Mr. Theodore F. McManus, of Detroit. While the editors do not necessarily subscribe to all that is said here, they feel that publication of Dean Fitzpatrick's paper may lead to interesting and beneficial discussion.—The Editors.

THE Catholic social purpose through the Church, the school, the hospital, through all our educational and social effort, is to create a Catholic civilization and thereby render to America the greatest service that can be rendered to it in its imperative need. A Catholic civilization replacing the chaos, immoral electicism and empty shibboleths of our contemporary life, would substitute for these a religion twenty centuries old, taking on new life every day; a love of neighbor finding its inspiration in the love of God; a method of living raised to a supernatural plane by a faith that is alive with works; an intellectual life taking all knowledge for its province, that would bring all truth into its unity, into mutual relation instead of the compartmentized specialization of contemporary life.

It would probably be conceded by The Commonweal's readers that the way to manufacture the agents of this Catholic civilization in America is through the Catholic colleges, the professional schools and the universities; and I think that is the fundamentally correct answer. If these institutions adequately do their jobs, we shall have:

1. A group of men coming from the colleges of liberal arts, who are cultivated gentlemen, disciplined, able and ready to take the position of social leadership, both in their vocations and in their social life, commensurate with their opportunities. This depends, in the main, on our colleges of liberal arts.

2. A group of professionally trained men in law, in medicine, in engineering, who, by virtue of their social service and the economic returns to the more successful, are "radiant points of social control" in our society and, if properly educated as well as trained, make the most effective kind of lay apostolate. This depends, in the main, on our colleges of liberal arts and indirectly on the professional schools.

3. A group of men who, as a result of first-class graduate study under Catholic auspices, could give the whole movement of the lay apostolate a germinal, fertile and constructive intellectual leadership. This depends, in the main, on our graduate schools.

I think that anyone will concede that this third is at once the most important and the weakest part of the Catholic educational service. I wish to press the point home even more decisively by saying that the success of the other two in an eminent degree is conditioned on our performing the third service in an eminent degree.

Keeping in mind the purpose here implied of an intellectual leadership competent to create a Catholic civilization in our own democratic United States, I suggest that the need of our Catholic institutions of learning as such, in the light of this purpose, is not merely money. The gift of money to institutions would probably mean the increase of the physical plant, an extension of the scope of the institutions, under the influence of that false ideal, institutional completeness; or it might, wisely enough, mean an increase of salary or improvement of equipment. But such expenditures would not affect vitally the education problem of the colleges and would create a demand for more money. Educationally, our mass production might increase, but our quality would not materially change, and it is a change in quality that we want.

I can see $10,000,000 turned over to Catholic educational institutions, and not changing our present problems except to aggravate them. I can see wise educational administrators in possession of this money, sensing their need of competent teachers, able both to teach and to satisfy the standardizing agency, pursuing a wild-goose chase because the men or women are not available.

The major need is not more money, but money financing intelligent programs and plans. Without such programs or plans, it is just as easy to waste or misspend money on education as on anything else. If what we need is not available anywhere, what shall we do with our money?

The major educational and social problem in a Catholic American civilization is the provision of a group of intellectual leaders, a constant supply of adequately trained teachers of fine personality. Laboratories, lecture rooms, architectural monuments, dormitories or even stadia will not make an educational institution—only men; only first-rate men, with a first-rate training.

The manufacture of such agents of a Catholic civilization in America is the greatest social opportunity before American Catholic wealth today. It is the real, fundamental need of our educational institutions. Every other need is insignificant compared to this. The present fact is there is a dearth of men who meet the requirements. A supply of such men goes to the very heart of our Catholic education, and of a functional Catholic civilization. No phase of our intellectual and social life can remain unaffected by it. Our

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most difficult problem in our colleges and universities would be solved if the colleges had money enough to finance these men after they were available. The provision of the supply of such men is peculiarly a problem of national leadership and coöperation; the securing and maintenance of such men in local institutions is a need that local wealth can understand.

These men, guiding an adequate number of research workers, and themselves participating, could solve many of the problems before us; for instance, the best organization of our parochial school system; the reorganization of religious instruction in the elementary school, high school and college; the formulation of a Catholic educational and social literature permeated with the Catholic view-point, and not unmindful of the history of the fields, and the contribution of non-Catholics everywhere; the provision of vocational training in orphan asylums; the provision of a series of text-books for Catholic schools, conformable to Catholic ideals, and at least as good as the best, if not better than those used in the public schools; a college course in philosophy capable of permeating all learning and functioning in the daily world-view of the student in college and after; the application of the principle of the encyclical On the Condition of Labor to the actual contemporary industrial life, etc.; plans for teacher training in all grades of schools adequate to train students for "fundamental Christian living in a democratic society."

Lay coöperation on a national scale in the financial administration of Catholic education should collect a fund, organized under a foundation, to make effective an effort, through existing institutions preferably, actually to manufacture these agents of a Catholic civilization in America.

But no single institution meets the requirements. The ideal thing would seem to be to build up in the principal sections of the country regional intellectual power-houses for this purpose. There should be one in the East, one in the Middle-West, one in the West, and perhaps one in the South. This regional development seems imperative in view of the fact that most of the students from our best-known institutions come from within, roughly, 100 miles of the centre. Most of the Harvard students come from Massachusetts, most of the Yale students from Connecticut, most of Columbia's students from New York, and most of Wisconsin's from Dane County. The personnel able to man four institutions of the type indicated is not available, probably in the United States or Europe; but some men are available, and next steps should be taken if the complete program cannot be inaugurated.

If only one institution could be developed, the need of demonstration furnishes a basis for a great dramatic appeal by a concentration of scholars in one place. This would certainly be highly desirable and should serve, in any case, as a source of supply for the regional power-houses ultimately to be developed.

The more important subjects should have precedence in the scheme. From the view-point of a Catholic civilization in America, they are—tentatively at least—philosophy, classical languages, education, sociology, biology, history. These should be developed first, because of their importance in the contemporary world view, and in the Catholic world view. They are the fields in which the conflicts of these world views have taken place, or are likely to develop in the future.

About philosophy I presume there would be immediate agreement; if not, Father Zybura's book, Present-Day Thinkers and the New Scholasticism, would be determining. The classical languages are the necessary tools in understanding a Catholic civilization, and furnish the Catholic college with an opportunity for distinction, if its best men are trained in the technique of productive classical scholarship. The explanation of the social inheritance and of evolution is passing from a biological base to a sociological basis. Biology is necessary for an understanding of the historical setting of our problem; and sociology is the modern substitute for a genuine philosophy; witness, for example, Finney's Sociological Philosophy of Education. Education, particularly as the method of social progress and the technique for the conservation and extension of a civilization, is obviously of major importance. Among many reasons for including history, we may take the one stated by Hilaire Belloc in The Catholic Church and History:

> Much the most formidable assault delivered against the Catholic Church today is the assault delivered from the historical argument. There remains . . . much of the old Protestant argument, to wit, that an original excellent establishment or message of divine origin was corrupted in the course of the centuries and that the Roman Communion still defends that corruption, so that its claim to authority fails. . . . But of far more weight in my judgment at the present moment, is the general argument that, regarding history as a whole and adding to it what little we can guess and what very little we positively know about man before he began to establish records, the Faith is but an illusion, parallel to many another such illusion to which men have been subject by the process of projecting their own imaginations upon the void of the universe.

English study on a graduate basis should undoubtedly be included in the foregoing list, but I wish here to emphasize its use as a tool. If the scholars, teachers and intellectual leaders are going to be effective they must have that achievement which President Butler places first on his list as the mark of a liberal education: mastery of one's mother tongue. The students we train must be masters of the mother tongue, not only in its oral but in its written form, not only in conversation but in the forms of public discourse. The really effective scholars, intellectual leaders and teachers in our contemporary life are those who can use the press and the platform as their stage setting. The audiences are then unlimited, and whether they

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are influenced and retained will depend on both the content and the form of what is said. A wicked and perverse generation, or that part of the present generation that is wicked and perverse, may reject what is offered because of an invincible ignorance, but many will be reached, and this is almost the only way they can be reached. The apostleship of press and platform must have an adequate intellectual foundation.

I may add that the extraordinary work of Catholic scholars in Europe, both in quantity and quality, compared with that of American scholars, makes a practical knowledge of both the French and German languages indispensable. By practical knowledge I do not mean four years of college study under present methods, for that is too often futile. I mean a mastery of these languages, so that this European thought is immediately available.

In any case, here is something to think about. Let us not be narrowly institutional and parochial, and let us see, in its broad outlines, the problem and scope of our religion and Church in a democratic society. If every head of a Catholic institution in this country put this problem to the wealthy men or women he knows, and pointed out the opportunity for social service which lies in it—an opportunity superior to all local or institutional interest, important as that undoubtedly is—we could bring the program to pass. Providing, that is, that to his information he would add his prayers.

WHO WAS PHILIP OF SPAIN?

By CATHERINE RADZIWILL

THERE are certain historical figures whom it seems well-nigh impossible to look at otherwise than from one particular point of view. Such is Philip II of Spain whose memory and reputation, like that of the Borgias, have never been discussed, but simply accepted on the sole strength of tradition and prejudice.

It would have seemed as if nothing in the world could change or modify the accepted version of Philip, especially after Motley had finally underlined it in his remarkable book on The Rise of the Dutch Republic. And yet it is possible to take up the cudgels in favor of the Spanish monarch. A few have already done it, or at least are beginning to do it, among them Louis Bertrand, the French Academician, and the famous Spanish scholar, Menendez y Pelayo.

Of course there are certain facts which one is forced to admit. They have been presented to us by all the historians who have tried to analyze this dark and enigmatic personality. But none of the explanations of them offered heretofore can really satisfy us. In all fairness we ought to consider the good qualities of the man, as well as the crimes and treacheries of the sovereign. And there is no doubt that, in spite of the horrors attributed to and perhaps performed by him, Philip II was a great Christian, and that his soul was filled with scruples, and completely detached from everything that goes by the name of joys and pleasures on this earth. This man who showed himself so absolutely merciless in his repression of the Flanders revolt was the same one who wept bitter tears at the story of Mary Stuart's execution; who continually wrote his daughters the most affectionate letters, and never forgot to do so, even when assailed by terribly complicated political difficulties; who showed himself indulgent almost to the point of weakness in regard to his servants, treating them as if they had been members of his family; who, while building up the magnificent edifice called the Escorial, was living like the poorest and meanest of beggars in a narrow cell close by. It is this contrast between the real and the official portrait of Philip to which it is well-nigh impossible to find a satisfactory explanation, and which therefore one must try oneself to account for, independently of the judgments already passed upon him.

According to the accepted version, Philip II died terrified by the vision of his victims gathered around his bed. A careful study of the archives of the Escorial proves, on the contrary, that the end of the Spanish king was that of a saint who, in the midst of the most terrible sufferings, preserved an admirable serenity, and a perfect confidence in the justice of God, together with the conviction that he had never been guilty of an intentional injustice, and that the only aim he had had all through his life had been the welfare of his subjects.

In presence of these facts, the doubt arises as to whether history has not been altered, or at least colored, by prejudice, hatred and the general repulsion which Philip II seems to have everywhere inspired, perhaps not as a man, but unquestionably as a sovereign. Has this assuredly curious problem perhaps been presented to us from the wrong side? Would it not be right, before forming a definite opinion on one of the most enigmatical personages of history, to submit to a more rigorous examination than has been the case hitherto, the documents on the strength of which he has been judged and condemned?

Philip II was far from being the cruel maniac, stupefied by an excessive religious fervor, that we have been led to believe him. On the contrary, he was undoubtedly one of the most intelligent and refined men of his century, and in the implacable struggle which he fought against the Protestant Reformation, civilization was certainly on his side, not on that of his opponents. He founded universities and innumer-

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able colleges, not only in Spain, but everywhere in his vast empire, and even in the new world. He was a great builder, and beside the churches, convents and cathedrals which he erected and endowed, one must put the bridges, aqueducts, fortifications, which sprang up as if by enchantment in most of the towns and cities of his vast domains. He was always projecting something new, and he even tried to bring the waters of the Tage as far as Toledo. He wanted, through extended canalization work, to make this river navigable from Lisbon and the ocean all through its course, and one of his dreams was to transform Toledo into a sea harbor. Everything interested him, and every new scientific discovery absorbed his attention. He was never idle, but thought always of what he had still to perform before death overtook him.

One of the dominant ideas of Philip II was that the position in which he had been put by Providence not only imposed immense duties upon him, but compelled him to try to become, so far as that was possible to human strength, a perfect king. He believed that his office required of him a continual watch over his passions, because to gratify them might be harmful to the welfare of the state over which he ruled. This austere program imposed upon him the clear duty of always hiding his real feelings, of never allowing adversity to overpower him. He was sitting beside the monks of the Escorial monastery, chanting vespers with them, when, trembling with emotion, one of his chamberlains appeared and announced to him the victory of Lepanto. His countenance did not change, but when the service was over, he asked the prior to order his monks to intone the Te Deum. And when the news of the disaster of the Armada reached him, he said simply: "I never pretended I could overcome the elements!" No matter what blows were dealt to him by fate, he never showed discouragement. His one earnest wish was to be allowed by Providence to defend the Catholic faith against outside blows, no matter from what direction they came. This was not only religious zeal; it was also the firm conviction that he was thereby saving occidental civilization, which was being then threatened by the followers of Islam, as well as the Latin culture, menaced by the growing power of Germanism.

If one tries to form a just idea of the real character of Philip II, one must seek its key in the archives of the Escorial. The Escorial is the only place where he allowed himself to forget that he was a king, and to think of himself only as a Christian—and a humble Christian. This cathedral, monastery and last resting place of himself and of his successors, which he had built with so much care, retained for him until at last he died within its grey walls, a singular charm and attraction. When he was there he could gratify his religious fervor by leading the ascetic existence of the monks he had brought to it. In the Escorial he could be himself, Philip, the humble servant of God, not Philip II, absolute king of Spain. The Escorial is Philip II, and Philip II is the Escorial. One cannot separate the man from the edifice.

Twenty-two years were spent in the construction of the building, twenty-two years during which Philip's entire thoughts were centered in the work, and those employed in it. The rules which he laid down for its future management show not only extreme care, but a singular knowledge of sanitary and hygienic requirements, at a time when they were absolutely and totally disregarded. Thus, in explaining his wishes concerning the care to be bestowed on the sick harbored in the hospital adjoining the monastery, and included within its walls, he displays the earnest wish to help them not only physically, but also morally. He insists on the necessity of treating them kindly, "with charity and patience," and on attention being given to bodily wants and bodily cleanliness. He writes in his instructions to the prior:

> Before they are put to bed, they must be carefully washed and have their hair and beard cut off. They must receive clean shirts, and their own garments must be boiled and disinfected, so as to be in good condition when they are returned to them on their leaving the hospital. Those who suffer from sores or open wounds must be kept in a separate room, so as not to inconvenience or annoy others by the bad odor these sores may give off. . . . A room into which the Holy Sacrament is to be brought must be thoroughly cleaned, disinfected and perfumed beforehand. . . . When Extreme Unction is administered to a sick person, this must be done in a separate room set aside for the purpose, so as not to frighten the other patients. . . . As soon as a patient dies, his bed must be taken away, and thoroughly disinfected. . . . There must always be at hand chicken and fresh eggs to feed those who are prevented by a high fever from getting their meals at the customary hours. . . . The patients must be given dressing gowns and slippers, in case they need to get up. . . . Their sheets, pillow slips, shirts, handkerchiefs and other linen must be changed every week in summer, and every fortnight in winter, and more often if need be. . . . Water must always be boiled before being given to drink, and kept in extremely clean receptacles. . . . Between each two beds there must be a curtain and a small chest to keep medicines. The patients must have a small table to eat upon when they are bedridden.

And so forth. There are pages and pages of different recommendations which, considering the customs and habits of those times, strike one as more than surprising, and certainly give one a high opinion of the knowledge and intelligence of the man who conceived and wrote them.

Then there is another side in the king's conception of the Escorial. When he started its construction, Philip II wanted to make out of this monastery a model institution, not only for Spain but for the whole of Christendom. It was also to be a school of fine arts, from whence thousands of artists were to emerge, and to spread their knowledge through the entire world. He wanted it to be a veritable shrine of light.

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The Protestants were continually reproaching the Catholic clergy with their ignorance. The king wanted his monks to be able to fight scientific as well as religious errors. He wrote:

> They must be not only theologians, but men in possession of ancient and modern languages, men who have studied deeply archaeology, history, geography, astronomy and even astrology, as well as chemistry. There must be annexed to the monastery a laboratory. The king wishes to have the best medical men in Spain for his hospital, the best paleographers to catalogue the numerous books and manuscripts which will in time compose the library of the Escorial. There will be a college and a seminary in the monastery, the seminary organized according to the prescriptions of the Council of Trent. In the college there will be taught, besides theology, grammar and rhetoric.

Do these facts agree with the notions we all have entertained about the personality of Philip II? Is it possible that the man who had such noble and humanitarian ideas and thoughts, was the same one who so ruthlessly exterminated the Protestants in Flanders, who poisoned his wife, Elizabeth of Valois, and his half-demented son, Don Carlos, as well as his stepbrother, Don Juan of Austria, who strangled the Baron de Montigny, representing at his court the nobility of the Netherlands? If so we have to do with such a moral monstrosity that it constitutes a case unique in the annals of history!

Is one not rather entitled to ask whether the animosities which pursued Philip II all through his life have not been powerful enough to create out of him an imaginary being, thirsty for human blood, without pity and without remorse, a being almost unearthly in his savage cruelty? When one takes into consideration the many good sides, the hitherto unknown qualities and virtues of a sovereign for whom no one has had anything pleasant to say until now, one feels inclined to reach the perhaps far-fetched theory that he is, and has always been, one of the most calumniated figures in history.

There are two points that have been established beyond the power of contradiction. The king was charitable in all his actions, and never refused to help the poor, the sorrowing and the disinherited of the world. He honored and respected them as the privileged children of Christ. He never knew how to refuse or to deny an appeal for help. The list of his known benefactions is enormous. What must be the amount of the unknown, of those he distributed with his right hand, unnoticed by the left! The other fact which must arrest the attention of all the students of this man's life and of his times, is the horror and the majesty of his death. It was a terrible death, but it was the death of a brave man and a Christian. Placed in a situation in which every vestige of human dignity ought to have disappeared, he remained the king to the last, and died grandly, quietly, majestically, with the firm conviction he was going to stand face to face with his Creator, and that he was ready to give Him a true account of every thought, every word and every deed he had performed throughout his life. Remorse did not assail him. A few minutes before he breathed his last, he kissed the crucifix which had soothed his father's agony, as it was now helping him to undergo his own, and then, with a lighted candle grasped between his fingers, he passed away to the great beyond where Christ his Saviour was awaiting him. It was the thirteenth day of September of the year 1598, the vigil of the Exaltation of the Cross.

Now, what are we to make of all this? Is it possible to cling still to the old judgments passed on Philip II? Or are we to believe that he was in a certain sense the victim of circumstances and of his times, times when a man was cursed or blessed according to the personal opinions of those who praised or condemned him? There were things absolutely inexplicable in his life in the way of criminal acts condoned, if not actually committed; but on the other hand he knew how to display his strength and keep intact a conception of what a sovereign should do or be, such as no other monarch has possessed. There is an old saying, that "everybody can become a monster, because good and bad is constantly intermingled in human nature." But in Philip II, it is not monstrosity alone which frightens one; it is rather the feeling that monstrosity can be turned into sanctity, and sanctity into monstrosity. Can it be possible that the moment he came out of the Escorial and its quiet, holy atmosphere, he became this monstrosity?

Even in the presence of this doubt, one cannot entirely condemn this man who for so long has been an object of execration. It is better to let time solve the difficulty and assume the task of giving him the place which he really deserves in the annals of history, and to remember only that the monks of San Lorenzo, who assisted him in his last moments, did not doubt that he had died in odor of sanctity; that Saint Teresa, who was neither kind-hearted nor indulgent in the presence of sin, called Philip II in her letters a "holy king"; and that little children who had been used to receive alms from his hands when he was at the Escorial, wept in the streets of the small village adjoining the monastery when they were told he was no more.

Apocalypse

I had forgot
The garden was so fair.
Until you went away
I had forgot
That larkspur pierced the air,
Blue as the day.
I had forgot
That such a bitter lack
Could sow such loveliness.
Come back, come back!

RUTH LAMBERT JONES.

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RUM-RUNNING AT DETROIT

By JOHN C. CAHALAN, JR.

THE first phase of "the rum war on the Detroit river front" has apparently ended in a victory for the United States government. A recent report to the Ontario government on the exportation of alcoholic beverages through the port of Windsor, directly opposite Detroit, showed that, in comparison with the same month in 1928, the cargoes clearing had fallen off about 75 percent during June, 1929. In June, 1928, there came across the river 470,033 gallons; this year but 112,878 gallons. According to prohibition headquarters in Detroit, this decrease is directly traceable to the 400 extra customs and prohibition agents concentrated in the Detroit area.

The figures given cover all so-called intoxicating liquids shipped by Canadian distilleries and breweries to their thirsty neighbors on this side of the river. No analysis of the falling off in this class of exports was attempted. It is admitted, however, that the government has been most successful in its efforts to stop the flow of draught beer, that is the beer contained in kegs, mostly of the quarter-barrel variety. How great a reduction has been forced in the importation of hard liquors is not known. As a consequence the figures have little informative value.

Beer is the summer drink of the scofflaws. And because of its bulk, kegged beer is the most difficult of contrabands to smuggle. Along the American side of the border, Canadian whisky and Canadian bottled beer are still plentiful. There is an acknowledged shortage of Canadian draught beer. There is also a marked shortage of whisky and beer for the interior trade. Bootleggers who formerly supplied out-of-town and out-of-state customers in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri and points west, are now devoting their time to supplying the local and home-town speakeasies. That is the present situation in a nutshell. What the outcome will be no one is foolhardy enough to predict.

That the government took the rum-runners by surprise is the excuse of many of the hitherto big importers. They were not ready for the war. Before the advent of the coast guard and the augmented border patrol, bootlegging had not been an extremely arduous or dangerous business. It was conducted for the most part by bribery and was protected by the law enforcement agencies that were commissioned to stop it. To go to Canada and bring back a large cargo of liquor or beer in a slow, scow-like boat was not much more difficult than going out into the back of a farm yard and pumping a pail of water to be carried into the kitchen. Occasionally in the winter the "pullers" or "sailors" were hard put to it, not by the law but by the ice. Along the river front tales of big cargoes and big money were common. Last summer I had it on good authority that in one night 15,000 cases of whisky crossed the river to the tune of $15,000.

The scale of bribery was fixed. One dollar was paid for each case of whisky. Fifty cents was paid for each case of bottled beer and one dollar for a quarter-barrel of beer. During the investigation conducted by the Treasury Department which resulted in the indictment of twenty customs agents, it was brought out that while part of the border patrol was on duty, those on leave or furlough were sent to the Canadian export docks to check the shipments. Those bootleggers who were found to be falsifying their returns were arrested when next they attempted to cross with a load, and the law was allowed to take its course. This procedure was well established and thoroughly understood by all parties concerned in the transaction.

Now things have changed. The river is full of coast guard and customs boats, some of the former being 75-footers and mounting one-inch guns, and to date, anyhow, the business men among the importers have been unable to corrupt any of the enforcement officers. Attempts have undoubtedly been made, and two or three of the coast guard men have been transferred with suspicious haste; but as it means almost instant dismissal for an officer if he is caught talking to a stranger, there has been little or no talk of bribery. The money is there, however, for the asking, and the smugglers are but too anxious to find some way of putting it to work.

Caught napping, the bootleggers were for the moment almost disconcerted, but as time goes on their morale continues to improve and it may be that the government will score no easy victory, if any. As this is written they are beginning to adjust themselves to the new situation. In the river the larger boats have been abandoned. They have been replaced by small, flat-bottom craft called "scooters," operated by outboard motors. Because of their flat bottoms they have little draft and can be navigated in very shallow water. They are capable of great speed and can also be checked down so as to make but bare headway. When running at full speed they are noisy, but when under sufficient check they make hardly a sound. They are used at night, bring over small loads, and are devoted for the most part to the carrying of whisky and bottled ale and beer.

The larger boats have gone south to Lake Erie, some to Lake Ontario. Not a few have gone north to Lake Huron, and the killing of Henry Virkula at International Falls, Minnesota, would seem to indicate that Lake Superior is also being used by the smugglers. Not a week passes without a Detroit paper carrying a story under a two-column head to the effect

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that the rummers have quit the Detroit River; but not a day passes without the chronicling of the arrests of many smugglers, caught attempting to run the river.

Not all are captured, as is evidenced by the supply of Canadian whisky and bottled beer and ale that Detroit is still able to boast. This is admitted by the prohibition department. In an interview in the Detroit Free Press, July 10, 1929, Thomas H. Brennan, Assistant District Prohibition Commissioner, is quoted as predicting that, by autumn, "Detroiters who look upon the wine when it is red and on other colors, as long as they are sufficient in alcoholic content, will be forced to depend on alley beer, American-made whisky and various synthetic concoctions to satisfy their thirst."

Not alone are small boats employed to outwit the minions of the enforcement department, but other, and sometimes very successful, dodges. It is not unusual for ten or more "scooters" to try to cross the river at the same time, each one on a different course, and but three or four of them loaded. If the law boat is successful in picking out one of the loaded boats the load is thrown overboard. In this connection I might mention an interesting case that is soon to be tried in the United States District Court in Detroit. The defendant is charged with dumping burlap bags, which are commonly used in the smuggling of liquor and beer, into the Detroit River.

The vigilance with which the coast guard has been obliged to proceed has entailed no end of trouble for the government. There has been shooting on both sides. One bootlegger has been killed and two have been wounded. Coast guards have been accused of firing on Canadian citizens and in Canadian waters. I know of but one case where the enforcement officers have been fired upon. There are many very ugly rumors about concerning the brutal action of various officers, but it is almost impossible to verify them and, of course, the bootleggers tend to color maliciously any action of the government men. In gathering material for this article I was told of an attempt by customs men to drown a swimming "puller" who had taken to the water to avoid arrest. The story was that the swimmer was struck at several times with a pike pole in the hands of an officer. This talk, true or not, is passed along and believed by the smugglers, and consequently the situation is often very tense.

It is not alone the violators who have complained, however. Members of Detroit River yacht clubs and owners of pleasure boats have protested and are constantly protesting the interference of government boats in their legitimate pleasures. Fishermen have complained of undue and illegal search and seizure, and it seems to be the attitude of the government that the burden of proof of innocence is upon anyone abroad on the river, no matter what his status.

Whether or not the dry forces succeed in their Herculean task of enforcing the law which prohibits the importation of intoxicants from across the river, it is going to be a very difficult work to dry up the border cities and towns. Mr. Brennan, whom I have quoted above, admits this when he speaks of alley breweries and American-made liquor. Now, the alley brewery gets its name from the fact that it is generally situated on an alley for the purpose of facilitating the trucking of its product. Dry advocates make much of the term alley beer, which has in it an implication of filth and garbage. The designation is misleading. This beer is made, as a general thing, by brewmasters who found themselves out of employment when prohibition closed down the old-time breweries. Alley breweries, as has been proven by numerous raids on them, are for the most part nothing more nor less than small breweries, fully equipped and immaculately clean. They must brew a potable beverage, for competition is keen and there are many of them. True, it is green: not sufficiently aged. In pre-Volstead days, good beer was aged for at least three months. As the imported brew becomes harder to get, so-called alley beer becomes the beverage of the thirsty.

American-made whisky is but another thorn in the side of the thoroughgoing pussyfooter. Because of the profit to be made in its successful manufacture it has, to my knowledge, engaged the attention of graduate chemists and engineers. These men erect stills comparable to the stills of the old-line distillers in everything but size. They then buy moonshine whisky, which is nothing more than alcohol made inexpertly by home methods, and redistill it, using a process known as fractional distillation. Their product is a very fair grade of alcohol. This is cut, colored and flavored, and the result is a whisky which will stand a chemical test and for which high prices are paid. I do not mean to imply that chemists and engineers are engaged in the actual making of this whisky, but I have known them to build the stills and inaugurate the process for a share of the profits. Granted that imports cease altogether, which is improbable, what is to be done with the native manufacturer?

Meadows

If God annulled all meadows,
Ordaining these should be
Divided between cities
And the glutted sea,

Should men by slow gradations
Grow black and slim like eels,
Or find their urban ankles
Had sprouted into wheels?

And you might find it pleasant
To slide in the lush ooze,
And you might wear with rapture
Wheels instead of shoes.

But I—should these things happen,
These dire events I sing—
I should deplore the meadows
And weep like anything.

LOUIS GOLDING.

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WEST OF MONTREAL

By VINCENT ENGELS

FOURNIER'S stands at a crossroad a few miles out of Montreal. There was never anything remarkable about it on the outside. Recently it has acquired a coat of paint, but when I first saw it, five years ago, it was as weather-stained and uninviting as an abandoned farm house. And about as sad, until you entered. Then you saw that it was really a decent sort of place. There was an effect of spaciousness, or brightness, not connoted by crossroads taverns. The ceiling was high, the bar was stained in oak instad of the traditional mahogany, and round-topped tables, also in oak, were set irregularly about the room, much as they might have been in a French café.

On my way to the city one cold autumn afternoon I stopped there to get a glass of ale. The only occupants of the room were the proprietor and a dog. Each was remarkable, in his kind.

The proprietor, who wore no apron over his khaki shirt and blue corduroy trousers, dozed in an armchair by the stove, hands folded over his paunch. The shirt and trousers were neatly kept, as were the black gaiter boots he wore. But his face was unshaven. A grey-black stubble spread over his cheeks, almost to the eyes, accounting for the failure of the long moustaches, which, given a proper setting, would have exerted their proper fascination.

And at his feet lay this tremendous dog—the biggest dog in the world. I know something of dogs, yet this beast was a hand higher than any dog I have ever seen. Even in so large a room, he seemed out of proportion. He was a dog bred to roam the halls of Camelot.

His head was unmistakably Saint Bernard; the hair, both in texture and coloring, gave evidence of the same strain; but the legs and the trunk were Great Dane.

As the man arose, upon my entrance, to take his place behind the bar, the dog rose also, and advanced slowly toward me. For a long moment I was uneasy. It was not because of the size of the dog that I felt as I did; nor yet because of anything menacing in his attitude. But I knew that he was taking stock of me, and that his judgment would be as sure as it would be final. A man may not care whether a lap dog thinks well of him or not, but he cannot pretend to be indifferent to the judgment of the biggest dog in the world.

So I was uncomfortable, but I tried to hide this by turning to the bartender. "That dog—"

"Ah, that dog Napoleon," he said, and went on as though continuing a reverie which had just been interrupted. "I don't know whether I'm his boss or he's mine. We've been together a long time, Napoleon and me."

"Would you sell him?" I asked.

"No. We're not so friendly, but we get along together. I guess I suit him about as well as any man could. He knows my ways and I know his."

Napoleon, who had been regarding me stiffly from a distance of six paces, now moved back to his place by the stove.

"There. I guess you'll do. Otherwise he'd have gone into the parlor. That's his way. You might buy him a pint of beer."

"But does he want it?"

"Oh, Napoleon ain't like other dogs. He won't come up to the bar and beg. But if he thinks you're all right, he'll let you bring it to him."

I brought Napoleon his pint of beer, in a basin. He settled on the floor, with the basin between his paws, and slowly lapped up the beer. Then he rolled on his side and went to sleep.

The bartender brought a bottle to a table near the window and there we made ourselves comfortable. He was an easy talker, and as he talked, his eyes strayed from the dog to the scene outside the window and back again, never resting on mine.

He spoke of many things; eventually he told me the story of his life. His name was Fournier; he owned this tavern and the house connected with it. Business was not good, even at night, although there was a fairly large farming population to draw from. But he did not care. He had enough to live on, and as for the rest—well, this life had its own compensations: hunting, fishing. Anyway, the tavern was inevitable. It was a sort of vocation.

He had been born in France, at Tours, the youngest of nine children. In his youth he had been a waiter, first in his father's café and later in Paris.

His ambition, early fixed, had been to own a café. He had looked forward to the day when he could marry a certain milliner he had met in Paris, return with her triumphantly to his native Touraine, buy an establishment not too far from the Loire, and settle down to become, in time, the father of nine baptized children.

But money was hard to make in those days, even in Paris, and tempting letters were coming from his friends overseas. At last he sailed for America, comforting the lady with a promise to return in a year, pockets filled with gold.

Of course it did not turn out to be so easy as he had hoped. The first year he almost starved. And many years passed before he acquired a reasonable stake. The years added a hundred pounds to his weight—made him a middle-aged man. Thus, when the time came that he was able to return, pride held him back. Admit that he had needed all these years to make a few dollars? Not Fournier. And the milliner—as for her, she had probably married long before. If not, he did not care to marry an old woman.

But the ambition to be a café keeper in his own right had not faded. So he bought this place, altering the interior to suit himself. And then, because he was a bit lonely, he adopted Napoleon.

Fournier stopped talking. He drew lengthily on his pipe, stared out the window. It was getting dark.

As I buttoned up my overcoat, I looked at the dog beside the stove. The thought seemed ludicrous that this had once been a puppy, as Fournier had been a romantic waiter in Paris.

"Does he ever play?" I asked.

"Play?" Fournier was shocked. "Not Napoleon."

As I drove away, I reflected that it was no wonder that Fournier had thought my question in bad taste. The sight of Napoleon playing with his master would be a solemn and awful thing, partaking of the nature of some hidden ritual—like the slow dancing of sacred elephants.

Twentieth Century

Stridor, cacophony, the searing breath
Of discord, Babel and the burning brand.
Thus silence is betrayed on every hand,
Stoned through the streets, put to ignoble death.

MARGARET TOD RITTER.

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COMMUNICATIONS

WHY?

Saint Paul, Minn.

TO the Editor:—Catholic literature accessible to me in the periodical rooms of public libraries is uniformly antagonistic to the Eighteenth Amendment. Perhaps The Commonweal can supply an intelligible answer to a query which persists as I scan its pages from week to week:

"Why is Catholic leadership seemingly so truculent in its attitude toward the Eighteenth Amendment, and the crusade which ushered it in?"

It cannot be that a hierarchy perpetuating itself by the appeal to authority in religion and morals has so little respect for the source of its own laws that it distrusts also any legislation initiated outside of its own tutelage, and prefers a policy of rule or ruin in the case of republics.

It cannot be that it is because the Church is so overpoweringly solicitous about so-called "personal liberty," except as an argumentative weapon for its own purpose; for in the words of Pius IX, the liberty to do anything "is a liberty of perdition."

It cannot be due to the Church's opposition to "sumptuary" legislation; for the Church assuredly has no hesitation in imposing fasts, feasts and food prohibitions which—to a gaping heretic—are futile.

It cannot be that a Church claiming direct descent from Jesus of Nazareth—assuredly opposed to anything tending to hurt a man—actually prefers to bolster those whose business it is to debauch human wills and sensibilities; and actually is unwilling to lend support to any cause, however feebly guided, which seeks to free the "weaker brethren" from the enslavement of a world-old habit, as well as to restrain some who are too vicious to be a "brother" to anyone. Did not Saint Paul say that "If meat causeth my brother to stumble, I will eat no meat henceforth"? Does the Church prefer to help him stumble, in order that its "grace may abound"?

It cannot be that Catholic leadership is actually—as has been alleged—so "peeved" at the necessity of recognizing that a worthy social cause could and did originate outside the True Church, that it refuses to sanction it?

But—the query persists: "Then, just *why?*"

This writer makes his precarious livelihood by work, not by argumentation and not by giving counsel to weekly magazines; but in this benevolent interval he does feel constrained to "suggest" an improvement for such a publication as The Commonweal, as distinct from the regrettably large proportion of Catholic publications which appeal only to the sub-grade school mentality; viz.:

Why not counsel your constituency to exhibit the sportsmanship becoming to the dispenser of Christian forbearance; forgive non-Catholics their hysteria; join the forward-moving procession; thereby help to mitigate the aptness of the all-too-prevalent taunt that the Church exists solely for the clergy; recognize that the world-wide movement for suppression of alcoholism is as unselfish in aim and method as it is possible for human activity to be—that everywhere it is a move for social amelioration? It ought by now to be evident even to publishers that the Church has been too long on the shady side of social programs, too long the bulwark of those who refuse to budge from robber castles of vested interest. If the Church persists in blocking this onward procession, the necessity will speedily confront it, is actually confronting it, of fighting it in Mexico, in England, in Poland, in Germany, in Denmark, in Japan—in fact wherever a social consciousness has emerged and won the right to speak. The Commonweal, especially, under a name which bespeaks support for things pertaining to the common weal, is well equipped to find a happier key in which to pitch its weekly song. The persistent note "Non-Catholic, ergo fanatic" suggests the AC hum. Why not add "hum control" to its equipment?

EDGAR C. SHORT.

THE FIRST DECLARATION

Bel Air, Md.

TO the Editor:—I have read the article by Mr. Thomas J. Malone, as published in The Commonweal and republished in the Baltimore Evening Sun, in regard to the Harford Declaration of Independence. His view of the subject is not only very interesting but also quite correct.

That the members of the Continental Congress were aware of the bold action taken by the Harford patriots, and that they fully appreciated its significance, is apparent to those of this day who know the sequence of events which followed in its wake. I have no doubt but that William Paca, a member of that Congress and a signer of the national Declaration, who was born almost upon the spot where the Harford Declaration was signed, fully informed the Congress of the patriotic proceedings in his native county. One of his family, Aquilla Paca, was a member of the Harford Committee and a signer of its Declaration. The solemn pledge given by the Harford Committee to "carry into execution" the "resolves" of the Continental Congress (the Bill of Rights which has been "spurned" by the British ministry) was a direct, concise declaration of independence of all British rule and control.

I have also read the criticism, by Mr. Edmund C. Burnett, of Mr. Malone's article, published in The Commonweal in its issue of July 31. While it may be true that the words "at the risk of our lives and fortunes" were used in the Virginia Convention of March 20, 1775, still the use of them by the Harford Committee on March 22, 1775, shows that Jefferson in Virginia and the Harford patriots in Maryland were souls with the same thought, and the same line of thought naturally found a place in the national Declaration a year and more after the Harford Declaration had revealed it. Be this as it may, I have so far failed to find that, prior to March 22, 1775, any body of men duly elected by the people and organized in a regular parliamentary way, has ever taken such a bold stand in defiance of British authority and given such expressed determination to sever all allegiance therefrom.

I would like to have anyone investigate and study the following queries, and then give an honest expression of opinion as the result thereof:

1. Why did the Harford Committee, which had met as a mass meeting Committee in June, 1774, state in January, 1775, that, having "discharged the trust" imposed "to the best of our skill and judgment," they asked to be discharged and that a new Committee be elected by the people? What had they in view?

2. What did they mean to do after organizing on February 22, 1775, and then adjourning to the next day (February 23, 1775) and on the latter day providing for the organization of "military companies" and the necessary procurement of "arms and ammunition"?

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3. What did the Provincial Convention of Maryland have in mind when, in July, 1775, it "dissolved" the Harford Committee and only permitted it to exist as a Committee of "observation" with a membership of only eighteen?

4. What did the members of the Harford Committee intend to do when, in September, 1775, a number of the signers of their Declaration began recruiting and enrolling men in military companies and taking command thereof?

5. Why did John Hancock, the presiding officer of the Continental Congress, write, on July 8, 1776, a letter to the Provincial Convention of Maryland, then in session, and enclose therein an official transcript of the national Declaration of Independence, and ask the said Provincial Convention to promulgate it as the members thereof should think "most proper"?

6. Why did Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer, the presiding officer of the Provincial Convention of Maryland, write, on July 16, 1776, a letter to the Harford Committee and enclose the original Hancock letter and the transcript of the national Declaration of Independence, and ask that body of patriots to promulgate the same without the slightest request to have these important papers returned?

The Harford Committee retained them in their archives.

SAMUEL W. BRADFORD.

Minneapolis, Minn.

TO the Editor:—In a communication published in The Commonweal of July 31, Mr. Edmund C. Burnett takes issue with certain phases of my paper, The First Declaration, which appeared in an earlier July number. He denies that the statement of the Committee of Harford County, Maryland, of March 22, 1775, was a declaration of independence and that it was first.

"We search in vain for the faintest suggestion of independence," he writes. If he means for a reference to Great Britain or George III or a renunciation of foreign allegiance, I gladly meet him, not part way, but all the way. There is neither. Any reader can see that. I had noticed it myself. All literal-minded men will agree with him. But there is such a thing as suggestion of the spirit despite absence of the letter; and I submit, in accord with Harford County sentiment of long standing, that the statement is charged with the spirit of the great Declaration.

How Harford County folk regard this declaration is not without interest, and perhaps value. Judge Walter W. Preston, of the Third Judicial Circuit of Maryland, comprising Baltimore and Harford Counties, says in his History of Harford County, Maryland, 1608-1814, page 101: "This association [of Harford County citizens] with the leading men of the colonies, bore fruit in the passage of a resolution by the Committee of Harford County on the twenty-second day of March, 1775, which may properly be called the first declaration of independence made by any representative body in America." The author further on comments on the treasonable nature of the declaration.

It is pertinent to point out that this Harford statement was not a communication, address, memorial, pledge or resolution drafted to be presented to some higher body. It was a formal pronouncement, a manifesto, a true declaration, a telling the world. Those Harford men took themselves seriously; they were putting their county on the map.

As to their declaration's having been first—"first" may be a relative term, susceptible to fall before research. No doubt a resort in my paper to the newspaper use of "alleged" or "reputed" would have been "playing safe." But look at this. Mr. Matthew Page Andrews in his Tercentenary History of Maryland, Volume I, page 562, while himself taking the literal view as regards a reading of "independence" in the Harford declaration, has this on the priority factor: "The claim is made that it is 'the first declaration made and signed by any organized body (viz., the duly elected Committee of Harford County) the context of which could be interpreted as treason, and action taken against the signers.' "

I observe that Mr. Burnett sets up a straw man with the intimation that I had fathered it. He quotes the "risque of lives and fortunes" wording of the Harford declaration and adds: "which Mr. Malone seems to think that Jefferson probably picked up . . . and later embodied . . . in the Declaration of Independence." There is nothing in my article to indicate or suggest that I thought Jefferson so did. I ventured the opinion that he might have had the Harford wording in mind when he wrote. Whether he did have I neither think that he did nor think that he didn't. I'm on the fence.

Again, I nowhere implied, of course, that the Harford men were the first to use that current phrase of the period, "risk of lives and fortunes." Mr. Burnett battles away at this, too. However, as having possible bearing on the purely academic question of whether Jefferson may have had the Harford declaration in mind, one will note that the Harford wording, "We . . . solemnly pledge ourselves to each other, and to our country," employs the terms "pledge" and "to each other"—both of which are found in the closing of the Declaration preceding "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." Even the rhythm is there; for where the Harford pledge uses "solemnly," the Jeffersonian uses "mutually."

THOMAS J. MALONE.

WHAT SHALL THE FAITHFUL SING?

Mankato, Minn.

TO the Editor:—May I break into this conversation on what we shall sing in church?

I like good music—classic music too—but I must confess to a weakness for the simple church songs that I heard when I was a little girl in a church where there was no organ and where the choirmaster beat time with his foot. There are a lot of us feel that way. We must attend Mass, for that is something quite apart from the music, and we would like—please—to have the hymns sung that appeal to our devotional spirit rather than our artistic tastes.

We are sorry for all the Theodore Maynards, with their delicate aesthetic digestions, but we are in the majority, and will be for a hundred years to come. Meantime, when the Theodore Maynards die and go to heaven, as we know all lovers of good music do, they can sit in lofty dwellings listening to celestial concerts. We won't have to sit with them, for there is no "have to" in heaven. We will be rampaging through banks of rosy-tinted clouds, flinging flowers at each other, and singing at the tops of our not very musical voices, "Oh Lord, I am not worthy," though we know perfectly well it is not "plain chant," and other such hymns as stirred our devotion when we were still pilgrims and sojourners. "In our Father's house there are many mansions."

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER.

The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications on all topics of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.

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BOOKS

Life's Illusion

Wolf Solent, by John Cowper Powys. New York: Simon and Schuster. $5.00.

TO THE mentally retarded young schoolmaster who is the hero of this astonishing tale, " 'thought' took the form of slowly stirring vegetable leaves, big as elephants' feet, hanging from succulent and cold stalks on the edge of woodland swamps." Such "thought" apparently saturates every moment of Wolf Solent's existence; nearly a thousand pages are here piously devoted to the transcript of what must be but the merest fraction of it. It is indeed complicated and highly colored and scented stuff. The more intricate portion of it is variously described as Wolf's "inner life," as his "indulgence in a secret mental vice," as his "life's illusion," as a "strange ecstasy . . . an intoxicating enlargement of personality that used to come to him from imagining himself a sort of demiurgic force . . . a crafty, elusive cunning of his own, a cunning both slippery and serpentine, a cunning that could flow like air, sink like rain water, rise like green sap, root itself like invisible spores of moss, float like filmy pond scum, yield and retreat, retreat and yield, yet remain unconquered and inviolable!"

Wolf has lost his position in London for interrupting a classroom session with a sudden outburst of mad and obscene language. Moreover, thinks he: "I hope I shall find some girl who'll let me make love to her . . . tall and slim and white! I'd like her to be *very* white . . . with a tiny little mole, like Imogen's, upon her left breast. . . . I'd like to make love to her out-of-doors . . . among elder-bushes . . . among elder-bushes and herb Robert. . . ." Obviously this belated adolescent is a formidable person to be invading his peaceful native Dorset countryside, as the story opens.

Our hero has contracted with the lascivious and ghoulish Squire Urquhart to collaborate with him in the writing of an indecent book of local tradition. When he finally accepts payment for this labor from the naughty old cove, he suffers what a simpler person would call an attack of conscience, and loses his precious "life's illusion." His own fervid explanation of this event is a trifle too lengthy to admit even of paraphrase here. Meanwhile he has met, "made love to" (that is, impaired the virtue of) and married the witless Gerda, who makes up for her dumbness by being gifted with an anatomy as seductive as that of Helen of Troy.

A less buxom but slightly more articulate young lady, Christie, the daughter of an incestuous old bookseller, has also attracted Wolf, and in a very disturbing fashion. "He discovered that the peculiar glamour which had always hovered for him like a diaphanous cloud round the impersonal idea of girlhood, had concentrated itself upon the image of Christie. He plunged into a very strange aspect of his feelings, as he stood on those cobblestones and stared at those dark shadows. . . . He recognized now that there hovered over the personality of this other girl . . . that evasive aura of mysterious girlishness, the platonic idea, so to speak, of the mystery of all young girls, which was to him the most magical thing in the whole world. . . . It was Christie who had drawn into herself all those floating intimations of the mystery of a girl's soul, gathered here and there, like cowslips in green valleys, which were above everything so precious to him." He asks, "Will she let me make love to her?" Four hundred pages later she calmly presents him with his opportunity. "Slip off that sad-looking dress, Chris!" he cries. The lady begins dutifully to disrobe—whereupon Wolf suddenly remembers the face of a tramp he has seen! He "reels awkwardly to one side," and begs her to desist. "There came a moment's sinking into nothingness, into a grey gulf of non-existence; and then it was as if a will within him that was beyond thought, gathered itself together in that frozen chaos and rose upward—rose upward like a shining-scaled fish, electric, vibrant, taut, and leaped into the greenish-colored vapor that filled the room. . . . 'I have hurt her feelings,' he said to himself, 'in the one unpardonable way.' " He has "outraged" her "deepest self-respect."

Gerda also has post-marital adventures. She apparently accepts the guilty attentions of a young sausage-monger named Bob Weevil, and later on seems to be yielding to the wicked blandishments of one Lord Carfax, a suave Londoner. Throughout these incredibly dreary proceedings, Wolf suffers thousands of minute but "important" experiences; many of them center about his trusty walking stick. None of them can he ever forget, as long as he lives, for he apparently has a memory that might have startled Lombroso.

The matter and style of this insufferably pretentious yarn are drenched, as is Wolf at times, with the mingled scent of honeysuckle and the pigsty. One does not quite know why the story ceases just where it does; the opus is endless, in both senses of the word. One may add that it is both humorless and pointless!—although it is decorated with hundreds of altogether unaccountable exclamation points!

The undersigned, perhaps flippant, reviewer has been deliberately generous with quotations, mainly in order to save the person who still maintains a decent respect for intelligence from wasting his time with Wolf Solent. He has written in the fullest consciousness of the fact that many critics, who have been desirous or content to record themselves as sensitive to its very peculiar brand of mysticism or pseudo-mysticism, have compared it favorably with the work of Emily Brontë, Hardy, Dostoievsky, Shakespeare and Sophocles. Without doubt it is an important work—important as a sociological document, if not as a novel.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

One Hapsburg Heir

The Balkan Pivot, by Charles A. Beard and George Radin. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

NO ONE adequately acquainted with the history of the Balkan question, or with the fierce tribal fights between the Obrenovitch family and that of the Karageorgeviches, will be satisfied with the present book's uninspired legal description of the form of government and its ramifications, adopted by Jugoslavia since the world war. The whole volume is permeated with the idea that there is only one way to describe political functions. It is this mechanical attitude of mind which renders a book that should be absorbingly interesting, somewhat heavy.

There is no index, nor is there a map; and in reading fourteen chapters spread out over 325 pages, there will be found little reference to the former Turkish system of government, or to the pre-war forms of Serbian administration. The description of the forcible seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria Hungary, in the sentence "when, at last, thirty years late, Bosnia and Herzegovina were annexed," is peculiar, when the steps leading up to this seizure are remembered. The Austrian emperor had received Ferdinand of Bulgaria with sovereign honors on September 23, 1908; on October 3 Aus-

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tria's intention of annexing these two states was announced, and Germany soon afterward threatened Russia with war. Few persons in Europe believed other than that this Austrian seizure was part and parcel of the German policy of Drang nach Osten, which received its further confirmation when, at the Potsdam Conference of November 14, 1910, the late czar agreed to the construction of the Bagdad and Hedjaz railways, one going to the Persian Gulf, the other toward Arabia, both threatening England, and one imperiling French political aims in Syria.

The authors give the figures of the political parties as 290, but later announce them as 315. Again, discussing the budget of 1927-1928, no total is given; yet figures for "personal services" are clearly set out. It would have been better to give the total budget in order to allow a reader some means of comparison (Budget 1926—1927 according to the Europa Year Book 1927 was, Revenue, 12,504,000,000 dinars). There are occasional slips into slang, vide page 193, "nature of business on the carpet." When the function of the crown is discussed there is some doubt as to whether the authors grasp the exact points: the crown and the Skuptchina constitute the legislative authority, and the administration is vested in the crown and its ministers. The crown represents the nation in all its foreign relations, declares war and makes peace. An offensive war, however, requires the previous sanction of the Skuptchina, but no parliamentary sanction is necessary when the state is suddenly attacked. This paragraph commences with the words "It is true that . . ." a phrase which introduces an element of doubt into the whole sentence on a matter where none exists.

The descriptive passages dealing with economic resources and status are handled in a more thoroughly convincing manner, but when dealing with Balkan states, it is well to remember their history and the long record of petty and vindictive policy, directed one against the other, of which the Balkan first and second wars gave the world such plain evidence. With this and similar historical facts before us, it may not be inapt also to remember that differences of creeds, faiths and race constitute sources of future trouble, and that many believe that Europe still is living in a lull before the real storm, which once again may originate in the Balkan peninsula.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Washington's Architect

L'Enfant and Washington. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.

VERY appropriately the Institut Français de Washington has added a second volume to its series of historical documents begun last year, by the publication of Pierre L'Enfant's correspondence with Washington, Jefferson and the commissioners regarding the plans conceived by the celebrated engineer and Washington for the right development of the capital city. It carries as introduction an essay of the scholarly ex-French Ambassador to Washington, Jules Jusserand.

The Institut has maintained, in this addition, the high standard it set in its first volume. The correspondence itself is most illuminating. The very plan for a setting for the new federal government shows plainly the conception of a republic rather than a federation, in the minds of its advocates. Opposition to the new city was not confined to those planters whose lands were to be ceded to "the public" on a speculative vast growth which could not be apparent to them at the end of the eighteenth century; there was a great deal of opposition to the growing centralization of government and even to the "monarchical" tendencies in government which many citizens suspected or thought that they observed.

L'Enfant, a Frenchman of the monarchy, and of the most absolute of monarchies, was not thinking of the federal government as the common agency of a group of federated nations, a league of sovereign nations, any more than were Washington and his group of intimates. L'Enfant (or Major Lanfang, as Washington wrote his name—Langfont, as the Georgetown newspaper spelled it) was thinking and writing of "a vast empire" under a republican form of government. His conception of Washington's position was that of a Louis XIV elected to absolute power for life. He could not grasp any consistency between Washington's full powers to authorize him to proceed to plan and lay out the new city, and his subsequent instructions that the limit of L'Enfant's powers was the will of the three commissioners appointed under the act of Congress, and that these commissioners stood between him and the President of the United States.

In spite of Washington's subsequent insistence and eventual sharp rebukes (delivered in Washington's inimitable downright style which brooked no contradition) he returned ever to Washington directly and over the heads of the commissioners. His assistants also, devoted to him personally, accepted no order except from him. Jefferson appears in these documents in the rôle of dilettante architect and city planner with his own ideas, running almost opposite to those of L'Enfant, jealous of him and eventually forcing him out of control of the work. Jefferson was evidently in favor of the well-tried and seasoned classic style; of a city planned and modeled on the best of Europe's architecture. Both in plan and architecture L'Enfant was seeking something new, something which had not heretofore been seen in the world. True, he was thinking in eighteenth-century terms, but equally truly he had seen a vision of the twentieth century.

The very vastness of his plans disconcerted and frightened the people with whom he was called upon to consult. His "grand transverse avenue" appeared fantastic with its great width of 160 feet. Not less paralyzing were his other streets "leading to public buildings or markets," 130 feet in width; his ordinary streets of 110 feet; his use of the waters of Tiber Creek (now a sewer) to issue in a cascade forty feet high and more than a hundred feet wide from under the base of the Congress House to give the illusion of being the source of the Potomac. It all seemed too grandiose to be practical to Jefferson and the commissioners.

Starting from the equestrian figure of George Washington, voted in 1783 by the Continental Congress, he proposed "a grand avenue 400 feet in breadth, about a mile in length between the Congress Garden and the President's Park, this avenue to be bordered with gardens, ending in a slope from the houses on each side." Near the equestrian statue a "historic column" was to be erected, an "itinerary column" from which "all distances of places throughout the continent" were to be calculated. There was to be a naval column, to celebrate the first prize of a navy "and to stand a ready monument to consecrate its progress and achievement." There was to be a "church intended for national purposes such as public prayer, funeral orations, etc., assigned to the special use of no particular sect, but equally open to all."

Around this centre, lots were to be offered "which . . . are best calculated for spacious houses and gardens such as may accommodate foreign ministers, etc." Other lots were to be offered to all religious denominations for churches, and to col-

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leges and academies and to "every society whose object is national." Along the avenue from the two bridges to the Federal House, "the pavement on each side will pass under an arched way under whose cover shops will be most conveniently and agreeably situated." Squares were designated "for the judiciary courts," "the national bank," "the grand church," "the play house, markets and exchange . . . offering a variety of situations unparalleled for beauty, suitable for every purpose, and for all sort of places as may be attractive to the learned and afford diversion to the idle."

There seems to be no doubt that it was Jefferson who forced an end to L'Enfant's seemingly visionary project, and L'Enfant himself out of his favored position with Washington. It is only now, nearly a century and a half later, when Washington has grown far beyond the utmost extent of even L'Enfant's projected vision, that the American Institute of Architects confirms that vision as having stood the test of time and an unpredictable development. It is impossible now to recapture all that dream, yet the "vast empire" he foresaw demands a return, as far as possible, to the original grand plan.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Frenzy and Invention

Leviathan, by Julian Green. Paris: Librarie Plon.

OUR attention is turned to Julian Green for many reasons. He is an American writing in French; his books receive French prizes; they are translated into English and one of these translations was made by the late assistant editor of The Commonweal, Henry Longan Stuart; his latest novel, although scarcely mentioning religion, has been published in the Roseau d'Or series, a series sponsored by the intellectual Catholics of France.

This book called Leviathan is unforgettable. Each one of its characters is devoured by a desire so insatiable that it pursues even the reader. When Mr. Green describes Madame Londe, the terrible patronne of a small-town restaurant, sitting behind her counter at dinner time, we believe that we have always known Madame Londe and always will know her. Mr. Green throws on her a fierce light which reveals her person, her mind and soul. We are fascinated by her domination of her handful of male clients and still more fascinated by the tormenting curiosity which dominates her.

We read on and find that the whole macabre novel is a series of scenes as vivid and extraordinary as that of the restaurant. We flinch at the scene between the pitiable tutor Guéret his small pupil and Madame Grosgeorge, when the latter brutally strikes her son. Later on, our attention and a kind of pity is riveted to this lonely Madame Grosgeorge; she hides the condemned Guéret in her own salon, promises him help, and brings him food in a frenzy of exaltation. Then, alone, she realizes her famished attachment to the tutor, attachment as to a prey, is a jealous and terrible love. Again there is the night Guéret is lost in a coal yard. Through strange external adventures of walking, climbing and hiding, piles of coal sit and look at Guéret like people deliberating in a sinister way.

What a strange group of human beings we know when we are through this book—and how well, alas, we know them! Each one is despicable, each one acts and thinks horrors. Yet Mr. Green makes us deeply sorry for each. He does not try to. He writes without pointing any moral. Is it that people cut off from realization of spiritual destinies always arouse compassion? His book rings true.

LOUISE R. SARGENT.

THE MANUAL OF PRAYERS
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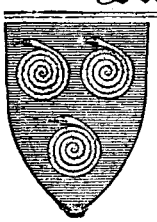
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Briefer Mention

Catholic Influence on Longfellow, by R. P. Hickey. Kirkwood, Missouri: Maryhurst Normal Press. $1.50.

TO A Catholic Longfellow remains interesting because he is so broad an index to the amount of lore about the Church which entered New England with the Romantic movement. This aspect of the poet has so absorbed Mr. Hickey that his critical attitude toward Evangeline and its numberless associated poems must surprise any reader inured to modern feeling. But within its own limits this book is painstaking and intelligent. It combs the ground carefully and merits the attention of students. One feels, however, that the author has allowed his dissertation to grow a bit too headily into a "disputatio," so that the treatment is a critique of Morin and other secondary sources rather than an examination of Longfellow himself. Nor is there any adequate conception of the New England background as a whole—a theme which is as inviting to the Catholic historian as it has been heretofore sadly neglected by him.

A Guide to Bernard Shaw, by Edward Wagenknecht. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

THERE exists a sizable literature about Mr. Shaw, and doubtless its mutual contradictoriness amuses and puzzles him not a little. Mr. Wagenknecht has ideas of his own, too, put forward occasionally with more than an ounce of dogmatism. Essentially, however, his little book is intended to supply a "chart" of the Shavian universe. A neatly subdivided introduction gives biographical, literary and interpretive information with commendable succinctness, and useful appendices supply much running comment on the diverse books and plays. Barring its debatable assertions, Mr. Wagenknecht's guide may be endorsed as an intelligent aid to the study of the ironic optimist whose name is practically the only evidence to show that the drama has not died in modern Britain.

The Catholic Emancipation Centenary Record; edited by Myles V. Ronan. London: Colm O. Lochlainn.

THOUGH the story of Ireland's emancipation has been told often in solid books, there has been real need for a volume to be read as a simple analysis of the most important aspects of Catholic freedom as that was won by the Gael. The present folio contains articles dealing with the Papacy and Ireland, with blessed memorials and holy martyrs, with the history of education and with popular heroes, among whom O'Connell is the chief. There are many fine illustrations, and the printing has been done with rare skill.

CONTRIBUTORS

EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK, dean of the Graduate School of Marquette University, is the editor of Marquette Educational Monographs and the author of Budget-Making in a Democracy, and other books.

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL, of Russia, is the author of They Knew the Washingtons; and The Intimate Life of the Last Tzarina.

RUTH LAMBERT JONES is a Massachusetts poet.

JOHN C. CAHALAN, JR., is a former newspaperman residing in Michigan.

LOUIS GOLDING is the author of many books, his most recent being Those Ancient Lands; and The Prince or Somebody.

VINCENT ENGELS is a member of The Commonweal staff.

MARGARET TOD RITTER is a Colorado poet.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR., is a lecturer on English in Columbia University, and the author of a study of Thomas Hardy.

BOYD-CARPENTER writes on oriental politics and literature.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS, formerly in the American diplomatic service, is an authority on international affairs.

LOUISE R. SARGENT (Mrs. Daniel Sargent) is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

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